

Understanding the Beast

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Summary: Depth Charge has some thought provoking thoughts about his worst enemy.

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pb*Beast Wars belong to hasbro, and all that other legal stuff. I got some of the ideas for this fics from other fics I've read.*/b

>p.
pHis blade raced through the air, and stabbed into the creature's back. It reared it's wretched head and howled an awful wail. It was loud, it was mad, yet, somehow, it was sad.

>pHe felt pity for the beast. It could never die, never know the benefits of friendship and trust and.....love.
 pThere was sadness in it's eyes. It tried to hide it, but he could see it as clearly now as when he first saw them so long ago. Something then replaced the sadness. He could see it now. It was the other eyes. "Those eyes" is what he called them. Those murdereress, destitute eyes. They were the beasts trademark. It's betrayer. It seemed as though it's eyes held all the tortured sparks of the people it killed. The more beings it killed, the brighter that spark in it's eyes glowed.

>pPity without remorse described his feelings for it; for it choose to kill the innocent. It choose to extinguish the helpless. It could have lived in peace. It could have used it's great power to better the common good. No. It just killed, and killed and killed.
 pWho knew murder could be an addictive drug. But to it, it seemed, murder was love. It felt love for it's victims, even though it was only for a brief moment, even though it destroyed their bodies, even though it found pleasure through their pain, their screams of agony, and the draining of life from their forms.

> pLife was it's prison, death was it's freedom and it's fear, both were it's passion.
 pIt tormented him to his spark to think that this thing, this creature was out stalking the streets, feeding off of fear, and enjoying the taste of pain. It wasn't right. It wasn't moral. It wasn't just.

> p"We created a monster, and didn't expect responsibility" he

thought to himself. "And now we pay it's toll with our loves, friends, and companions."
 p"I am an angel of vengeance," he thought again.

> p"I am the lost one's fury."
 p"I will not give up until I bring the beast to it's knees; some way....."

>pIt was now his responsibility to take out the beast. It was the path that thing forced him to take . . . ever since Omicron. That forsaken colony.
 pIn all his thoughts, he began to form an understanding for the first time since he had the misfortune of meeting that wretched creature. He began to understand that the beast was twisted and cheated out of it's morals, and any other thing anyone can destroy. It's mind could understand only one basic thing, and that thing is fear.

> pDepth Charge shook all thoughts out of his head, feeling angry with himself for thinking such thoughts of compassion towards his mortal enemy. The being he swore to destroy. He then jumped down from where he was hiding from to face Protoform X, hoping that this battle will be the last. Of course in the back of his mind he knew it would not. <p><p>

End
file.